

little ones for Christ. I think the Sunday school is the nursery of the church. The Sisters' Society has done a good work here this year with the aid of the members of the church, who have stood by us so nobly and lent a helping hand. They paid fifty dollars to the pastor's salary and ten dollars to the State evangelist and five dollars to baptistry and five dollars toward our side walk. We have a good cement walk now in front of our church. Now our communion on May 13 was good. Brother Will Miller and Brother Hazlett were with us. They are working for the Lord, and may their work tell in days to come. And one week from that time some of our members went over to Gravelton to their love feast. We had a good time with the brethren there. They are not very strong there in numbers, but alive in Christ, and may they fully trust him who doeth all things well. Now let us rally round the cross and work on for our dear Master who has done so much for us. This means all Christians who want to do Christ's will. Let us abide in his love.

Another dear sister in Christ has passed away. On last Friday afternoon sister Geo. Dubs died. On Sunday at eleven o'clock her funeral was held at the Salem church. Her pastor preached the sermon, G. W. Rench. She was 65 years, 2 months and 8 days old. She was loved by all who knew her. She leaves a son and daughter to mourn their loss.

MRS. W. J. ORN.

North Manchester, Ind.

Thinking that a few words from my pen might be of interest to some of the EVANGELIST readers, while I have not written for the paper for some time, I have not been altogether idle. While making my pastoral visits I found some who are ready to be baptized, and as one would suggest my going to see another, spent two days, and as we had four to baptize, who had united last winter, we set last Friday for the work. Sunday we received into church, fourteen. Seven were heads of families, three young ladies, two of whom will graduate in the high school here next year. The others were younger, yet old enough to be of service.

Our communion was very well attended, considering the fact of a threatening rain. Brother Gordon of Bippus, was present and gave us valuable assistance. Brother Teeter also gave us good help by way of talk. I say Amen to Brother Gordon's advice in EVANGELIST No. 22. If we have to get up basket meeting to make money for the Lord's work, better quit.

JOHN M. FOX.

Our Dead

WALTERS.—Malinda S. Walters died February 22, 1898, aged 73 years, 2 months, 15 days. She leaves a husband and seven children and a host of friends to mourn her departure. She was a member of the Brethren church and was baptized by James Quinter of Pennsylvania, at the age of fit-

teen years and was an active member of the church and died in the triumph of a living faith. Funeral discourse by our home pastor, Strother Hansel.

MISS VADE HANSEL.

JESSUP.—Laura E., daughter of Emmor and Lydia Jessup was born Oct. 23, 1876 and died June 2, 1898, aged 21 years, 7 months and 10 days. She was an active member of the Progressive Brethren church, with which she united in 1894. For more than a year she suffered with a complication of stomach trouble, which finally assumed such a serious form as to defy the skill of the best physicians. Thro all her sickness she was patient and hopeful. When at last the warning of the death messenger could no longer be ignored, she remembered those around her with tokens of love, spoke frequently of her departure and waited resignedly for the summons to come and inherit the place prepared for her. Her only desire to live was for the sake of the dear ones who had done so much for her. In the full bloom of womanhood, with all of life before her, she could yet say, "Not my will but thine O Lord, be done."

"If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's working see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.
"But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart;
God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold;
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
"And if, thro patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,
When we shall clearly see and understand,
I think that we will say, 'God knew the best.'"

Sister Laura was anointed the week before she died. Funeral in Pleasant View Brethren Church. The floral tribute from her many friends was beautiful.

A. R. BEMENDERFER.

Literary Notes

Mr. George Kennan, whose book, "Siberia and the Exile System," created such an impression in this country a few years ago and resulted in very considerably modifying the rigors of Russia's treatment of Siberian prisoners, is now writing a "Story of the War," which appears in weekly installments in *The Outlook*. Mr. Kennan is First Vice-President of the Red Cross Society, and is especially interested in the humanitarian side of the war, but almost equally so in its picturesque incidents, and in the underlying social conditions which have produced the war. So far his letters have been written from Key West, to which place he went as the special correspondent of *The Outlook*. It is understood that Mr. Kennan will enter Cuba at the very first opportunity, and will continue from that island the letters which are attracting such wide attention. They appear exclusively in *The Outlook*. (\$3 a year. *The Outlook Company*, 287 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.)

The June number of *The Homiletic Review* rounds out to completeness Vol. XXXV, of that sterling magazine. The full Index—embracing Sections, Authors, Subjects, and Texts—with which the volume closes, shows how wide has been the range of its discussions during the past six months, and how many of the ablest men in all branches of the Church have been laid under contribution by its editors.

The Review Section draws upon the Old World as well as the New. Dean Farrar gives the second part of his paper on "How Best to Use Church His-

tory in Preaching." Dr. W. Garden Blaikie, the distinguished Edinburgh professor, follows with an instructive and luminous treatment of that very practical subject, "The Preacher's Avenues to the Human Soul." Dr. H. L. Wayland contributes a paper on "Evangelists and—Evangelists." The article by Rev. J. C. Fernald, author of *Synonyms and Antonyms* on "Some Requisites for Word-Selection" in the Pulpit, deals wisely with a topic that is a vital one to all public speakers. Dr. McCurdy, the Assyriologist, of Toronto, in handling Assyriology and Bible Personages, shows what wonderful light has been cast on some noted Biblical characters by the use of the spade in Oriental lands.

The sermonic and illustrative material is as usual fresh and abundant, as will appear from the names of some of the contributors: Drs. Joseph Parker, T. D. Witherspoon, T. Harwood Pattison, Arthur T. Pierson, Louis Albert Banks.

The Editorial Section is unusually full, taking in such themes as "Paul's Model Sermon;" "Pulpit Mannerisms;" "A Needed Object Lesson;" "The Siloam Inscription;" "Training in Oratory;" "The Mormons in Utah;" "Experimental Test of Prayer;" etc. *The Review*, as it finds its way into the preacher's study from month to month, is its own best commendation.

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A Letter from "Father" Chiniquy

The following letter was written by Father Chiniquy, and was published in the *New York Witness*.

1. I was called to Illinois in 1851 by the Rev. Vande Vette, Bishop of Chicago, for the very purpose of helping him to make the State of Illinois and the other Western States (which were then a wilderness) Roman Catholic, by inducing the Frenchspeaking immigrants from France, Belgium and Canada to take possession of the fertile plains of the West.

2. When I had persuaded about 75,000 Roman Catholics, Frenchspeaking people, to settle around the crosses I had planted on some of the most beautiful hills and valleys of Illinois, and had organized a good number of congregations, my merciful God came to me as a conqueror. He expelled the dark night in which popery had completely drowned my intelligence and my soul till then; He showed me that "eternal life" could not be the work of my hand, or the price of my own work and merits, but that it was only to be obtained as the price of His blood shed on the cross; He showed me that He died on calvary in order to pay my debts to the last cent and save my guilty soul. He not only offered me the gift, but He also granted me the grace to see its beauty and accept it.

No tongue can say how rich and happy I felt in the possession of this unspeakable gift; while burning tears of joy were rolling down my cheeks, I pressed my dear Gospel to my lips, and I swore that I would never again preach the impious, ridiculous doctrines of the Pope about salvation, but that I would preach only that simple and divinely Beautiful Gospel from which I had just learned that eternal life was a gift? I asked my merciful God to break forever from my neck the heavy and ignominious yoke of the Pope, and that favor was at once granted me.

The next night was a sleepless one for me. I felt too happy to sleep. A thousand times